LINES ON THE LOSS OF THE *BABET*

BY MISS TREFUSIS.

Benevolent and brave ! bright Honour's child,
Himself unerring, yet to others mild.
Wise, yet unconscious of superior powers,
Fair Science culled for him her choicest flowers,
And playful Wit her proudest tribute brings,
Gives all her graces, but withholds her stings.
A form enriched with many a manly charm
A mind expansive, and a bosom warm.
Large in direction, in performance bold,
In courage youthful, in experience old ;
With deep discernment, yet with graceful ease,
He lent instruction, whilst he sought to please:
His public with his private virtues strove,
Which our respect should claim, and which our love.
Such once was Knox! the valiant, wise, and good,
Now deeply buried in the silent flood 1
More deeply buried in the British breast
His treasured virtues lie. Oh! noblest, best,
Where, where was Albion's genius when her pride,
The high-soul'd Knox, her boasted hero, died ?
Nor for *his* loss alone Britannia mourns,
While the proud deep a Swinburne's corpse inuras.
With wit to charm, and virtues to endear,
With manners gentle, and a heart sincere;
Youth of fair promise I had thy rising day
Equalled the lustre of the morning ray,
By Knox distinguished, by his virtues led,
With gathering honours clustering round thy head,
How proudly had thy happy parents smiled,
How gloried in the glories of their child!
Loved pair, adieu! if great the public grief,
Oh I what to secret sorrow yields relief 1
To private friendship, which would proudly boast
Those heaven-born virtues now to friendship lost :
But that the swelling sigh, the bursting tear,
Tells only that they were, and were most dear.